

# Good Morning

S64

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

# BUT—THESE GIRLS NEVER TALK!

Maurice Bensley  
Tells Why

## Who Was the Man Jesus?

A MAN said to me the other day: "Since you seem to write a bit about Jesus, can you tell me what He was like? Is Holman Hunt's picture like Him? Are the accepted traditional portraits trustworthy?"

And I knew then that my friend was baiting the hook, trying to catch me. It is an ancient game, this seeming to seek for information, and then wheeling round and flooring the person who advances the answer!

I have often wondered why these people do not apply the same argument to, say, Plato, Julius Caesar, Hannibal, and so many others. For these men, and many others, are accepted as having lived and left their mark on the world, and there is no record of their actual appearance.

What do people expect in this matter? Do critics want a photograph? They won't get it. They can't get it. Have you a photograph of even your great-great-grandfather? He must have lived, you know. And your forefathers before him!

But in the matter of the Master, let me say that it has been estimated that at least one hundred thousand pictures have been painted of Him, depicting all stages of His life on earth.

At least 10,000 of these pictures were painted by really great artists, after they had made much historical research.

Have we, in all or any of these pictures, any particular representation to which we can point and say, like Pilate, "Behold the Man!"

Probably, as you know, Augustus Caesar was the first person of note to ask what Jesus was like. His interest was stirred by the reports that were coming through from Judea of the "new Prophet." We have it on record that Augustus asked the question. Josephus, the greatest Jewish historian of those times, has left only a bare mention of Him without any description.

Not in any of the Gospels is there a pen-picture of Him, not a word of His face and form.

The first of the outside world to see Him was the Per-

sian Magi who came to adore Him in the house in Bethlehem—not in the manger, as is commonly supposed.

The last to see Him were the Disciples who walked with Him after His resurrection; and they did not at first recognise Him. (That can be explained, too, but I haven't the space to-day.)

Yes, I know there is the legend of the Shroud, held to be authentic by the Roman Catholic Church, on which the face of Jesus is said to be imprinted.

Another story, held to be authentic by the Vatican, is that the first person to draw a picture of Jesus was the Apostle Peter. And there is the Veronica handkerchief.

I have been to the Vatican and have seen what is put forward as evidence. I cannot support the claims. Nor can many real authorities. But let that go.

There was also a claim put forward by a Greek monk, named Michael, who said he had discovered a picture of Jesus drawn by St. Luke. There have been other claims, such, for instance, as the emerald owned by Pope Innocent VIII.

The story was that the gem was carved with a portrait of Jesus by order of the Emperor Tiberius. It was brought to the Vatican and named the Emerald Vernicle.

But the claim made on its behalf was abandoned when it was discovered that the carving was merely a copy of the Saviour's head from Raphael's famous picture, "The Draught of Fishes."

It is curious to note that the Protestant churches have never put forward a claim to possess anything so personal to Jesus as portraits, bits of the Cross, nails from the Cross, and so on. The Protestant churches were (and some are still) very sternly realistic!

I daresay you have seen many pictures of Him. There are thousands of the Infant. I have seen some remarkable ones on the Continent and elsewhere.

Millais painted Him as a youth in the carpenter's shop, Castagno painted "The Dead Christ," in which the body was so foreshortened that the spectator saw mainly the soles of the feet.

Holbein painted a similar one; but his was the study of a man who had actually been drowned and lay on a mortuary slab!

One of the greatest is Michael Angelo's picture of Him in "The Last Judgment," unveiled on Christmas Day, 1451. It took eight years to paint.

Piero Dei Franceschi's "Resurrection" shows a lank, terrible figure. In Apsley House, Piccadilly, there is Correggio's "Agony in the Garden," held to be a most moving picture.

I have seen Jesus portrayed as a child, boy, youth, bearded man, unshaven man, even as a tawny-skinned man, and also as an olive-tinted man.

What is the answer to all this? Very simple. Times change, men's ideas alter, ethics expand and outlooks differ. In the year A.D. 754 a council of the ancient Church declared that "Christ was too

A MAN, seeking an excuse for a conversational indiscretion by his family, or for the leakage of some confidential business, usually finds it in his wife, or daughter, or secretary. That is, he used to. But the business of total war has hurried a habit of generations on the scrap-heap.

Girls, when the need is emphasised, can be trusted no less than men never to speak of what they do—even to their sweethearts and families. And so really secret jobs of the war are being increasingly given to women and girls.

More and more, the Army is relying on A.T.S. girls to undertake work that releases men for combatant duties. Some of it takes them into secret underground radio stations all over England. Many A.T.S. were in France with the B.E.F., and they had some exciting times. But the things they did were never more vital and secret than the work of their comrades at home who were even then serving with the Royal Corps of Signals.

IN those hectic days there would have been some excuse for unwittingly breaking a confidence. Men, who are expected to be better able to keep secrets, were plentiful. But it was the girls—the Signals girls—who took down the urgent secret dispatches that recorded the progress of the Dunkirk evacuation.

The girls are still there, buried "somewhere in England," far from the light of day, in that nerve centre of the Home Army, helping to encipher and decipher secret messages from the theatres of war and to manipulate a vast telephone exchange, its maze of private wires and lines connecting all the Commands and important military centres.

Recently, more than 1,000 more women were wanted for this highly secret and specialised work, to replace men badly needed for field duties.

Yet more A.T.S. specialists are busy on experimental gun ranges, at research stations on new types of ammunition. Girls with languages are engaged on intelligence work so confidential that this is the only mention I may make of it.

Warming with tribute to the "Better Half of the Senior Service," M.P.s debated the girls of the bulldog breed. "One thing is certain," said one of them. "The work that a large section of the W.R.N.S. are doing will shatter once and for all the illusion that a woman can't keep a secret."

Shall we ever forget the gruelling days—and nights—of the Battle of Britain. Next to the airmen themselves, the folk who came closest to the vivid scene of action were the W.A.A.F. plotters in the Operations Room of Fighter Command headquarters. Day after day, night after night, they missed sleep and recreation plotting the courses of hundreds of aircraft—the enemy's and ours.

There was nothing more secret than that. And the work goes on and on. Girls do it, and girls are in direct charge of it. Many were mentioned in dispatches, thanked, and commended. But the recipients of awards are not the exceptions. There

exalted to be figured in human art." There is much to be said for that view.

Why haven't we any carving, old picture of Him? Because for many years after he was murdered it was a grave offence to be in possession of any medal or picture of one who had died as a malefactor. The penalty was death.

As for the many modern paintings, although many painters copied each other, there is still the solemn truth that there was something in His personality that changed the world for ever. Nobody can deny that.

Could one picture portray that Personality? Not one, nor a million!

Cheerio and Good Hunting!

S.M.

their families, their motherland, by careless, let alone deliberate, talk?

Matching the qualities that make these gallant guerrilla girls are the daring resource, resolute steadfastness, and tight lip which go with the production of scores of secret newspapers circulating in the occupied countries.

One thoughtless word would mean certain death to the patriots who run them. And there are women as well as men engaged on these intensely secret and dangerous tasks.

One paper—a French publication called "Voice of the Women," is actually edited by a woman. Admiring countrywomen, avidly reading all she writes, but ignorant of her identity, call her "Bonne Femme," and Gestapo sleuths have long been pursuing a relentless search for the mystery editress.

If these examples are not enough for the doubting Thomases, then it is time they knew that there have long been women intelligence agents, detectives, police, and that these are all claims of the first degree.

Let's tell these doubters, too, that censorship—letters, cables, official documents—employs literally thousands of women and girls. Letters? The very idea of giving letters to girls to censor!

Well, Mr. Sceptic, there have been no complaints. And why, after all, should there be? War is so much an affair of secrets. At the G.P.O. is a Secret List. From this the mail bags are directed straight to ships of the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy. The list is in the sole charge of one person—a woman. Enemy agents would give a fortune for this, the only guide to the "Fleet Mail Points."

Come to think of it—speaking of the G.P.O.—when do you ever hear of leakage of confidential telephone talks which Exchange girls listen-in to by the thousand? And telephone girls, note, are not a war product; girls have been at the switchboards almost ever since the 'phone service cut its teeth.

## Remember? A.B. Bill Edwards

SOME submariners just can't keep away from the water. Not even on leave.

Take A.B. Bill ("Eddie" to his shipmates) Edwards, of 10 Charles Street, Blackley, North Manchester.

What did he do on his first day of leave?

He took his 18-year-old girl friend, Audrey Spencer, to Manchester's Amusement Park, Belle Vue, for a row on the lake!

Three days later—the day we called on Bill at his home—Bill was planning yet another boating trip.

"And by the time this leave is finished," he said, "I think Audrey will be quite good with the oars—that is, for a mere land-lubber! I'm taking her again to-night for a bit more instruction."

Bill, a 19-year-old—he joined up at 17½ and never expected to go into submarines—was on seven days prior to going foreign. Bill was certainly making the most of those seven days. Audrey was certainly helping him.

His leave programme was something like this:

Up in the morning for an 11 a.m. breakfast.

"Bit of a change from 6 a.m. wakey-wakey," he remarked.

Mid-day—phone Audrey at her office in Spring Gardens, Manchester, to make plans for the evening.

"Audrey is a shorthand-typist," he explained.

Meet Audrey out from the office at 5 p.m.

"Then," interrupted his mother, "he's as good as missing for the rest of the night. It was quarter past one when



I heard him coming in this morning!"

"Audrey's father kept me," Bill tried to explain. "He's in the Home Guard, and we were talking about rifles."

"You should tell Audrey's father that you've got a mother waiting," laughed Bill's mother. "On second thoughts," she added, "I expect boys will be boys and sailors will be sailors, all the world over."

Bill agreed with his mother's afterthoughts, for he said nothing, rolled over to the table, and sat down to his 11 a.m. breakfast of two eggs on toast.

"Lucky to have eggs," we said.

"Sick of the sight of them," he said. "That's the one good thing about being in submarines—good grub. Eggs! One bloke aboard us ate 24 eggs in a day. The most I've had in a day was twelve!"

It was nearly mid-day. Bill put on his cap and silk scarf.

"Have to look slippy," he said. "I'll be late for phoning Audrey."

"By the way," we asked, "are you going to propose before you go off on your foreign commission?"

"Oh, I did that in a letter," he said, "before I came on leave. She hasn't said 'Yes' yet, but—I've got another three days!"

## SHORT ODD—BUT TRUE

Bisque has three common meanings—a variety of china, as Sèvres bisque; a soup with a basis of puree of shell fish, as bisque d'homard; also a handicap in the games of golf, lawn tennis and croquet.

The particular service to the development of the steam engine by James Watt was to provide a separate condenser, which made the engine economically efficient; actually, Savery (1698) invented the first practical steam-engine, which merely sucked up water; and Newcomen (1705) constructed the first steam-engine with a cylinder and piston.

King Henry of Portugal (Henry the Navigator) founded the first naval college at Sagres in 1415, where, as an enthusiastic student of maritime affairs, he welcomed famous seamen of all nations to instruct young men in seamanship.

In the ports of neutral Sweden are stacked huge quantities of granite bought by the Germans for victory monuments. They still await shipment.

When Gibraltar was besieged, the British garrison set the enemy ships on fire with cannon balls first made red hot in a brazier.

Gunpowder, invented by the Chinese 3,000 years ago, is not a true explosive. When ignited, it burns away quickly and harmlessly, and only when fired in an enclosed space does it explode, and then feebly compared with true explosives.

The entire skeleton of a gigantic elephant, known as a mammoth, was found in Siberia in 1799 in a block of ice. The mammoth anciently inhabited Britain, as well as other parts of Europe and America, but it has been extinct for centuries.

Idea of mermaids probably came from an aquatic mammal called a manatee. It is an ungainly creature, 10 to 12 feet long, with a shovel-shaped tail, and four limbs and nails, which give the appearance of arms and hands.

J. S. Newcombe

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# What's all this Three R's anyway

(J. M. Michaelson asks you)

MR. BERNARD SHAW said recently that if war taxation left any of his fortune, he would will it to finance the establishment of a new English alphabet to take the place of our "relic of the Phoenicians" and thus save millions of pounds a year, at present wasted in time and material in writing such words as "through."

The alphabet Mr. Bernard Shaw wants adopted is one of 42 letters, one for each sound of the English tongue. He has himself always written in a phonetic script, but, of course, no one's time but his own has been saved, since his writings have to be transcribed to become intelligible to the majority of us, brought up to "read Phoenician."

The suggestion that we use the Phoenician alphabet is one of those pleasant satirical exaggerations for which G.B.S. is famous. Our alphabet has undergone considerable changes since the Phoenician invented the art of writing letters to represent sounds, as distinct from the earlier ideographs to represent words or things. We still use many of these ideographs, and they provide an international language for limited purposes. The signs, +, -, \$, £, and so on, are understood in all languages, although the words for them may be different.

If it was the Phoenicians who gave the ancient Greeks their alphabet—and scholars are not agreed on the subject—the Greeks modified it to suit their language, and the Romans in their turn made further changes as well as devising new ways of writing the letters.

We in our turn have made further changes, adding letters and changing the sounds

they represented to suit our tongue. Many other countries also took their alphabet from the Romans and modified it in different ways to suit their tongues, so that we get the same letter representing quite different sounds in, say, English, German and Swedish.

The first letters were consonants. The Greeks had seven vowels, their own improvement on the Phoenician. The symbols were like our letters, a, e, n, i, v, w, o. They had also 17 symbols for consonants, some of them representing sounds we can only show by two or more letters, like ps and ks.

The Romans used languages poor in vowel sounds, so they discarded the Greek symbols of n and w. It was under the Romans that the shape of the symbols was modified, so that, for instance, the triangular Greek delta became the letter D.

The Latin alphabet had 23 letters right up to the Middle Ages, when the symbol I became divided into i and j. J was originally an ornate capital I used as a consonant, and sometimes as the final i in numbers. Doctors still sometimes write "viii" in prescriptions. V became divided into three symbols, representing its three uses—u, v and w. None of these changes really became established until printing was common—the complete alphabet we use to-day dates only from the 17th century, and you will see later books with s written differently, according to its position in the word, taking an alternate form like an uncrossed f. The "dotting" of i and j was not fully established before printing. Its origin is to distinguish easily from m, n and u in certain scripts. The dot plays an important part, for it is by the shape of the upper half of words rather than by the individual letters that we read.

You can test this by covering the lower half of a line. You will find it easy to read. But cover the upper half, and you will find it difficult to read. Words of the same shape account for most errors that escape the proof-reader: Untied for

United, for instance. Books printed in all capitals are the most difficult to read, because every word is the same shape.

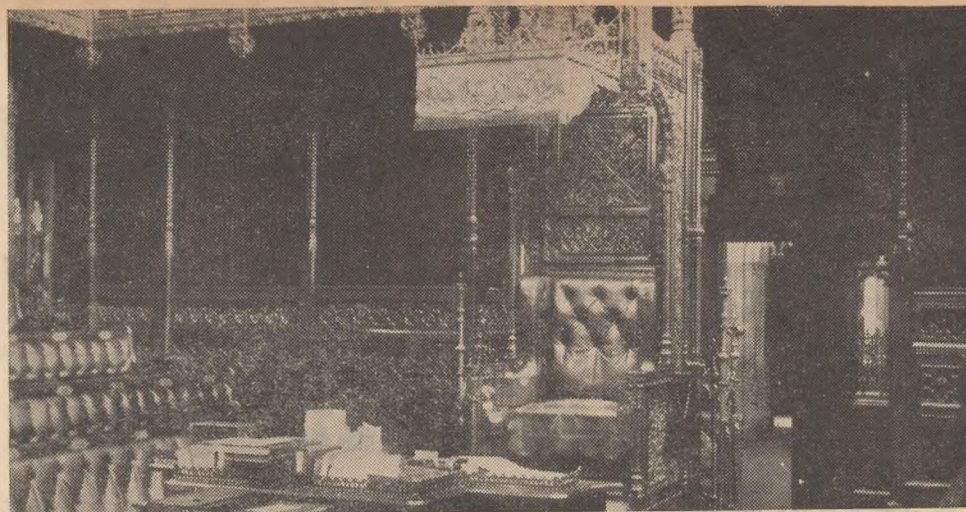
Because J is not a Latin letter, but one "invented," it represents different sounds in different languages. In German it is nearly equivalent to our initial Y as in Yoke, in French it is difficult to give the English equivalent—it is like the s in measure. So w has similar vagaries. In Welsh it is the symbol for a vowel sound; in German it derived from an initial uu.

To get all the consonant sounds in English quite distinct we should need about seven new symbols to represent the sounds of th (two sounds, as in then, this), ng, ch, and so on. In fact, an international phonetic alphabet has been devised, and is widely used for pronunciations.

The whole history of the alphabet does not suggest Mr. Shaw is likely to bring about a revolution. Changes have come very slowly, through alterations in writing materials. It is doubtful whether a new alphabet, enabling Mr. Shaw's name to be written with two letters, would actually save much time, for it would take us years to become accustomed to "recognising" as distinct from deliberately reading, the words.

Other reformers have made an excellent scientific case for writing from left to right and right to left in alternate lines, so as to save the eye muscles continually switching about! But this would be very awkward for writing—unless we used left and right hands alternately. Some early writing was from right to left, suggesting the left hand was used. And, of course, the letters would face different ways—p in one line would be q in the next!

Reform of our alphabet is, of course, closely allied with reformed spelling, but these things are apt to be decided, not by scholars in their studies, but by the ordinary people. It was not a committee of scholars that gave the Americans "humor" and "thru," but the ordinary people.



## Parliament and All That

### Speaker's Chair

"MR. SPEAKER" is the first Commoner of the realm, taking precedence even over the Premier, who, in the House, is subject to his rulings. He is the man "who can do no wrong." A Speaker, once asked respectfully by a Member what would be the procedure should the Speaker make a mistake, replied with a smile, "A ruling from the Chair, like a Papal Bull, is infallible." In practice, of course, the Commons can get rid of the Speaker by a formal motion, but any attempt to criticise or dispute the ruling of the Speaker in the ordinary way is severely out of order.

The Speaker is elected by the whole House for the life of Parliament. Tradition decrees that when elected—the highest mark of respect that the House can pay to any man—he shall declare himself unworthy and show great reluctance to take the chair, being forcibly brought there by Members. Once he has accepted office, however, his power is very considerable, for he is the representative of the ruling body of the land, and it is in this sense that he can "do no wrong."

Amongst his powers are those of committing to prison any person in the realm, calling on any of the Services to carry out his orders and entering any building, private or public, in the country. There is no appeal in law against his ruling. Even to suggest legal action against the Speaker is contempt of Parliament, punishable by imprisonment. Habeas Corpus does not apply to anyone committed by the Speaker. Technically, any judge foolish enough who issued a writ would find himself in prison.

These powers are, of course, not used these days, but they remain, and are of great symbolical importance, emphasising the supremacy of the Commons.

The Speaker's chief duties are to see that debates proceed in a correct and orderly fashion. He must be continually alert, ready at any moment to give a ruling. He must know when to be firm and when to be tactful. He has, in fact, to be a combination of all the virtues. He cannot, like other Members, find relief from a tedious speech in sleep.

In compensation for his very onerous duties, which compel him to lead an austere life, the Commons grant him a very fine official residence in the Palace of Westminster (the Parliament buildings), which is exempt from all rates and taxes, a salary of £5,000 a year, and a pension of £4,000 on retirement, accompanied by a peerage if he desires it. Much of his salary goes in the lavish entertaining he is expected to do. In normal times, Mr. Speaker's dinners and "at homes" are the social occasions of the Parliamentary year, with footmen in spectacular uni-

forms, and wonderful plate. An invitation from the Speaker is a command—only serious illness is an excuse for not attending. Amongst his interesting "perks" are two deer every year from the Royal park at Windsor, and a length of the best broadcloth from the Clothworkers' Company of London.

"Hats off! Way for the Speaker!" is the traditional cry that precedes him when, in his wig and black gown, he is attended to the House. No man may remain covered in the presence of the Speaker, and anyone who obstructs his

path can be unceremoniously pushed out of the way.

Why "the Speaker"? For he actually speaks less in debates than any other Member of the House. Because he is the mouthpiece of the House of Commons, the man who conveys their wishes to the King, their official spokesman on such occasions as coronations and marriages. His authority, as distinct from his theoretical powers, is great, and the mere call, "Summon the Speaker," has been sufficient in the past to quell what looked like being a riot in the House.

## Yes, They Worship Old Vic

"I WANT you boys finally to understand that Queen Victoria died forty-odd years ago," said a Government official recently to a group of natives in the tropical interior of Panama. Promptly howls of hatred and derision filled the air. Stones flew, the official's hut was battered to shreds, and the unfortunate man himself barely escaped with his life.

For the natives of Calasia literally worship Queen Victoria. Her picture is always hung over the doors of their huts. Porcelain figures of the Queen stand on the altars in their churches. They pray to these effigies, and seek advice from their regal goddess by writing letters they bury in the jungle.

Negroes who came originally from the British West Indies to work on the plantations, dislike their own Government and treat the constant official explanations of Queen Victoria's death as rank blasphemy.

They're not the only displaced patriots in the world. There's a neutral island in the Danube which nobody owns, inhabited by 800 Turks marooned there since 1918, and maintaining the last harems in Europe. There's an all-Welsh province in Patagonia—and a Japanese colony still in Brazil.

Those Danube Turks were recently conceded the rights of a free port by the Rumanian Government. With their own mosque and bazaars and coffee-houses, they're 100 per cent Turkish. So they make their living by selling Turkish delight and rose-leaf jam.

The Welshmen in Patagonia date back to the 'fifties, still speak Welsh, and until recently published their own Welsh newspaper. Every year they hold their own Eisteddfod, too, but it grows more and more Patagonian as the younger members marry outside the charmed circle.

The Jap Utopia in the heart of Brazil's Amazon valley owes its existence to

a member of Japan's Imperial Diet, who dreamed twenty years ago of a Japanese Empire in South America. People laughed. Yet he has since begun a private war by settling 200 families in his dream colony. The emigrants are taught a little Portuguese and tropical medical practice, but association with native Brazilians is not encouraged, and the result is that solidly Japanese towns have come into being in the fertile, steaming jungle.

They have their own rice mill, sugar factory, temple, tea-growing district, radio station and cinema. Brazil's Parliament is still trying to decide what to do with them.

Peter Davies

### TO-DAY'S LAUGH

THE scene takes place in Germany some time after the war.

An expensive, high-powered car on a Continental tour pulls up beside a traffic control policeman in the centre of Berlin.

"Tell me, my man," said the prosperous-looking occupant, "whatever became of that funny little fellow with the black moustache and hair brushed over one eye?"

"Oh," said the policeman, "I know who you mean, but can't think of his name. He has a decorating business now."

"And that big man who used to wear a number of medals?"

"He's in the scrap-metal business."

"Then there was a club-footed doctor; what's he up to these days?"

"Why, he does a little commercial broadcasting now and then."

"If you see them again," said the prosperous one, "tell them Lord Hess was asking for them."

### To-day is the "Sabbath"

In summertime on Bredon,  
The bells they sound so clear;  
Round both the shires they ring them,  
In steeples far and near,  
A happy noise to hear.  
Housman's "A Shropshire Lad."

Pale hands I loved beside  
The Shalimar,  
Where are you now? Who lies  
beneath your spell?  
Laurence Hope,  
"Indian Love Lyrics."

He that goeth about to  
persuade a multitude, that  
they are not so well governed  
as they ought to be, shall  
never want attentive and  
favourable hearers.  
Richard Hooker  
(1554-1600).

Day hath put on his jacket,  
and around  
His burning bosom but-  
toned it with stars.  
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Be good, sweet maid, and  
let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream  
them all day long;  
And so make Life, Death,  
and that vast For Ever,  
One grand sweet song.  
Charles Kingsley.

Yet if man, of all the  
Creator plann'd,  
His noblest work is reckon'd,  
Of the works of His hand,  
by sea or by land,  
The horse may at least  
rank second.  
Adam Lindsay Gordon  
(1833-1870).

I had done all I could;  
and no man is well pleased  
to have his all neglected,  
be it ever so little.

Dr. Johnson.  
When in doubt, win the  
trick.  
Hoyle's "Whist."



"She doesn't speak English—but she understands!"



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

IT might be supposed that in war-time the number of postage stamps issued would show a considerable decline from the peace-time figure. Statistics to hand show this to be true, but the new issues during 1943 of Occupied Europe and America were nevertheless considerable.

During the year, 121 different Governments throughout the world issued 1,443 postage stamps, according to Kent B. Stiles, writing in the "New York Times." This figure is, of course, not complete, for many others must have been issued in the Occupied Countries which have not come to light. The average for the previous five years was 2,100. At a guess, one would say that the difference between peace and war-time figures is not so great as might have been expected.

The United States leads all other countries in the number of stamps produced during 1943, but it has to be remembered that many revenue and special-duty stamps are included. These consisted of 25 documentary revenues; 23 stock transfer revenues; 12 Overrun Countries commemoratives; 12 automobile-use revenues; nine stamps for use in Occupied Italy; two war savings stamps; one overprinted envelope; one air mail booklet pane; two regular postage stamps; and the hunting permit stamp.

Stamps issued for reasons associated with the war numbered 862, in Stiles's estimate. Of these, about 300 appeared in countries invaded by Germany, Italy and Japan, and will not be catalogue-listed until after the war.

In numbers issued, these countries follow in order after the United States: Reunion, with 76; Somali Coast, with 75; Croatia, with 43; Russia, with 42; Ecuador, with 38; Bolivia, with 35; Turkey, with 34; Columbia, with 32; and Bohemia, Moravia and Germany, with 31 each.

These eleven countries alone produced over one-third of all the stamps issued throughout the world. Apart from the United States, I would say that these countries add no lustre to their philatelic integrity by printing so many new stamps.

Of the 1,443 varieties mentioned, nearly a third are overprinted stamps, and 34 Governments resorted to overprinting in this manner. From the Somali Coast came 59; from the United States, 58; from Reunion, 49; from Columbia, 31; and from Ecuador came 21.

Commemoratives were again plentiful, 41 Governments issuing a total of 315. Bolivia, Ecuador, Russia and Syria headed the list.

There were 192 air mail stamps listed during the year, produced by 34 countries. Ecuador headed the list with 20. It is interesting to note that 17 of the Latin-American republics accounted for 122 out of the 192.



Germany issued 31 semi-postals out of a world total of 151. All but 21 of this total are products of 14 European countries.

The United States and the Allied Military Government produced all the 44 Occupation issues reported; but in addition to this list there were stamps produced by Germany for the Channel Islands, and others issued by Japan for China, Dutch Indies, the Philippines, and Thailand.

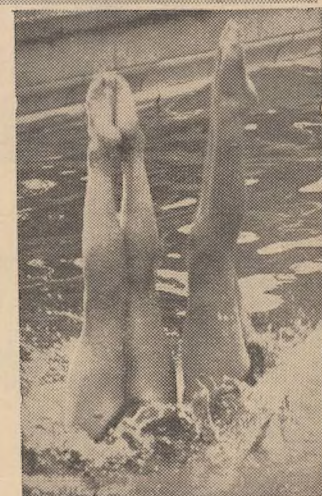
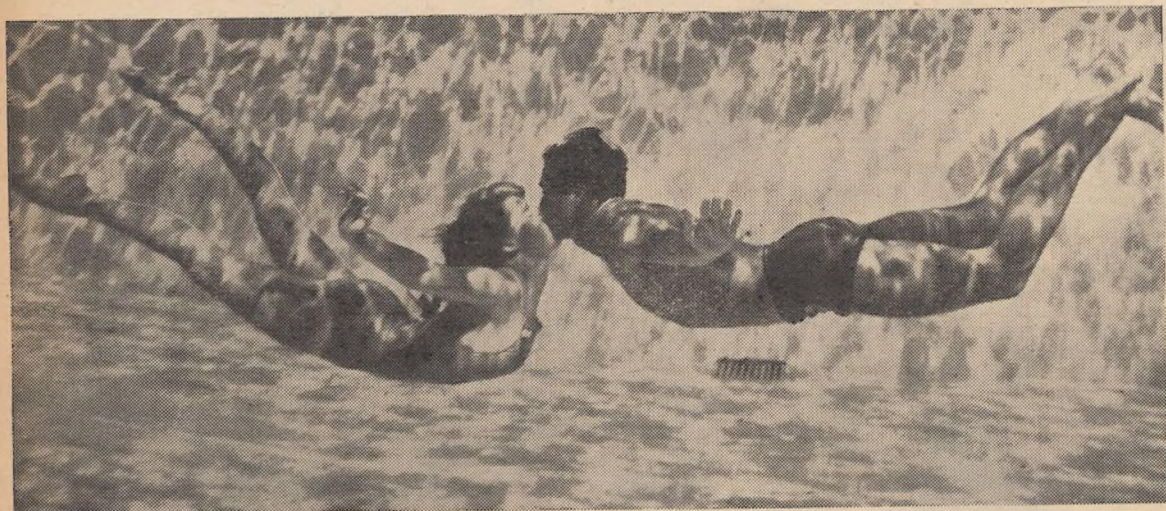
Stiles includes in his survey a list of 24 postage-due stamps, 29 postal tax items, 15 newspaper stamps, 12 officials, two parcel postage stamps, two special deliveries, and two military stamps.

Illustrated in this column are four of a set of French commemoratives, issued in October, 1932, with designs of 16th century notabilities. Those shown here are of Michel de Montaigne, Francois Clouet, Maximilien de Bethune Sully, and King Henry IV. The stamps are engraved. The Denmark Red Cross stamp is a new value of an old Queen Alexandrine type, with the 10 ore stamp of 1938 affixed.



Good  
Morning

# Beneath the Surface



Tailpiece